

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good.

*Gloſt.* As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

*Winch.* I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

*Gloſt.* Am I not Protector, lawcie Priest?

*Winch.* And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

*Gloſt.* Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,  
And vselh it, to patronage his Theft.

*Winch.* Vnreuerent *Gloſter*.

*Gloſt.* Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

*Winch.* Rome shall remedie this,

*Warw.* Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

*Som.* I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

*Warw.* Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,  
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

*Warw.* State holy, or vnhallo'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

*Rich.* *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sir, ha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.

*King.* Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Winchester*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill diffention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within, Downe with the*

*Tawny-Coats.*

*King.* What tumult's this?

*Warw.* An Vprore, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

*A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.*

*Enter Maior.*

*Maior.* Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

*Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.*

*King.* We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

*1. Seru.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall

to it with our Teeth.

*2. Seru.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

*skirmish againe.*

*Gloſt.* You of my household, leaue this peeuissh broyle,

And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

*3. Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,

Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mare,

Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,

And haue our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

*1. Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles

shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

*Begin againe.*

*Gloſt.* Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

*King.* Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,

Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold

My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

*Warw.* Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,

Except you meane with obdinate repulse

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,

You see what Mischiefe, and what Murthers too,

Hath bene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Winch.* He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld,

*Gloſt.* Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

*Warw.* Behold my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his limothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

*Gloſt.* Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand,

*King.* Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

*Warw.* Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of *Winchester* relent;

What shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

*Winch.* Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

*Gloſt.* I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,

See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,

This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

*Winch.* So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

*King.* Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloſter*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract,

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

*1. Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

*2. Seru.* And so will I.

*3. Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-

fords.

*Exeunt.*

*Warw.* Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,

We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

*Gloſt.* Well vr'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,

You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,

Especially for those occasions

At Eltram Place I told your Maiestie.

*King.* And

*King.* And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:

Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,

That *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

*Warw.* Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

*Winch.* As will the rest, so willett *Winchester*.

*King.* If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*.

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

*Rich.* Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,

And humble seruice, till the point of death.

*King.* Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,

And in reuerdion of that dutie done,

I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

*Rich.* Like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

*Rich.* And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maiestie.

*All.* Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

*Som.* Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

*Gloſt.* Now will it best auile your Maiestie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders loue

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it dis-animates his Enemies.

*King.* When *Gloſter* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

*Gloſt.* Your Ships already are in readinesse,

*Sent.* Flourish. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Exeter.*

*Exet.* I, we may march in England, or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late diffention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Bornes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festred members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at Windfor, loose all:

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

*Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiors with*

*Sacks upon their backs.*

*Pucell.* These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,

Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar sort of Marker men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

*Souldier.* Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City.

And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,

Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*

*Watch.* Che la.

*Pucell.* Peasants la poure gens de France,

Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

*Watch.* Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

*Pucell.* Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the

ground. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.*

*Charles.* Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,

And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

*Bastard.* Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants:

Now she is there, how will she specifie?

Here is the best and safest passage in.

*Reig.* By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,

Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,

No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a*

*Torch burning.*

*Pucell.* Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,

That ioyneeth Roan vnto her Countrey men,

But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.

*Bastard.* See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,

The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

*Charles.* Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,

A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

*Reig.* Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,

Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,

And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarm.*

*An Alarm. Talbot in an Excurſion.*

*Talb.* France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,

If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.

*Pucell* that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,

That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarm: Excurſions. Bedford brought*

*in sick in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,*

*Charles, Bastard, and Reigier on the Walls.*

*Pucell.* God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,

Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

*Burg.* Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,

I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,

And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

*Charles.* Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that

time.

*Bedf.* Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.

*Pucell.* What will you doe, good gray-beard?

Breake a Launce, and runne a Tilt at Death,

Within a Chayre.

*Talb.* Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,

Incompas'd